

## LEARN TO DRAW

So you can make little pictures of your own to paint and color like you have learned to do by painting the INVISIBLE pictures in this book. Read carefully the following simple instructions and you will quickly learn how to draw the objects your ART teacher has suggested here.

## Lesson No. 14

We have learned in other lessons that the A. B. C's of drawing are A. the Circle, B. the Square and C. the triangle. In using these shapes and parts of them together we have constructed little pictures. Last week we used C. the triangle. Today let us combine A. and B. Notice in the picture that all the straight lines are from B. and all the curved lines come from A. The corners of the steps and the peak of the house are the corners of the square B. The top of the door and the tree are parts of A. the circle. Try to find parts of A. and B. in the objects you wish to draw and see how simple they appear.



## Editor's note to parents:

This course of instruction is intended and planned to give an understanding of the few simple shapes that are used in the construction of all pictures; and to teach them to look for these shapes in the objects they are always trying to make pictures of. Every child loves to draw. With an understanding of the A. B. C's as outlined in these lessons, it will be easy to teach them to draw well in a short time. The lessons will advance a little each week with an added interest to the child. A scrapbook kept of these lessons will be of value not only to the child, but many older and advanced students.

## LARRY HUDSON'S AMBITION

By James Otis

## Chapter III

## AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT

WHEN Deacon Doak led the way into the restaurant there was a look of determination on his face such as his family had never seen since the day of the town meeting, when he was elected treasurer of Canton.

A colored waiter conducted the visitors to a table at one side of the room, and handed the deacon a printed bill of fare.

"Listen to this, Mercy," and the good man bent forward as he read in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Two boiled eggs, twenty cents." "What do you think of that for a city price? A dollar an' twenty cents a dozen for eggs! An' hear this, 'Pumpkin pie, fifteen cents.'"

Mrs. Doak held up both hands in pained astonishment.

"Let's go right straight out," and Mrs. Doak half rose from her chair.

"Sit down, Mercy," said the deacon, "We must get somethin', if it ain't more'n a cup of coffee, an'—Coffee, twenty cents a pot. There! What do you think of that?"

"Don't let's stay, father, don't let's stay."

"There don't seem to be anything cheaper, so we'll start in on coffee, an' while the nigger's bringin' it I'll kinder study this thing a little."

After a short time the deacon beckoned to an attendant who was standing idle near by, and said to him much as if asking a very great favor:

"I've jest sent one of your men for a pot of coffee, an' have made up mind to buy a plate of hot rolls, too. Won't you see about it?"

"I guess this is the last time Uncle Eli will pay for a city dinner," Ned said, in a whisper, as at the same time he leaned back in the rest-inviting chair, in order that he might receive the full benefit of the luxuries which were to be purchased at such an extravagant price.

By this time the waiter had returned, bringing on a silver salver a pot containing less than two cups of coffee, as was afterward learned by actual measurement, and a plate on which were three rolls.

Deacon Doak looked alternately at what he had supposed would serve as a lunch for five, and at his wife.

"We might have known before we left home, Mercy, that we was bound to be swindled if we come down to the city. Is this what they call a pot of coffee? Why, it don't hold much more'n a teacupful, an' there's the bread they charge fifteen cents for—three little, scraggly biscuits at five cents apiece! Thirty-five cents for this dinner, an' 'cordin' to the looks of things we'll have to drink out of one cup, for that's all the man brought."

"I don't know as I'm so very hungry, father," Aunt Mercy whispered, in a soothing tone. "There's coffee an' bread enough for you, at all events, an' the rest of us will buy peanuts, or somethin' of that sort, after we get out-of-doors."

"You won't do anything of the kind, Mercy Doak. I'll admit I'm a savin' man, an' perhaps some of my neighbors are in the right when they say I hold on to a cent almost too long; but I ain't so savin' as to be willin' to set down here an' eat these biscuits while you an' the children look on, for you're all as hungry as I am." "See here, mister," he added, addressing the waiter, "I live up to Canton, an' came down with mother an' the children to see the celebration. Now I want dinner; the cheapest thing that's fillin' which you can scare up for five of us."

"Corned beef hash is hearty, sir," the man ventured to suggest.

"An' good too, if it's made right. Is that about as cheap as any of your truck?"

"Yes, sir, I think it is the most economical dish we have."

"Bring me five plates of it, an' another cup so I can give mother some coffee. The children will get along on cold water, I reckon."

"Do you know how much they ask for it?" asked Mrs. Doak.

"I didn't look. He said it was the cheapest thing in the place," and the deacon turned his attention to the task of appeasing his hunger, until, unable longer to restrain his curiosity, he again took up the bill of fare that he might ascertain how much would be charged for this frugal dinner.

"It's twenty-five cents a plate, Mercy!"

The knife and fork fell from Mrs. Doak's hands as she gazed at her husband with an expression on her face very like that of fear.

"It's twenty-five cents a plate! Five twenty-fives is a dollar an' a quarter. Twenty cents for the coffee is a dollar forty-five, an' fifteen for them biscuits makes a dollar an' sixty cents for this poor little lot of vittles. Why, that's nigh on to as much as we spend for a whole week's feed at home!"

From that moment until all the eatables had disappeared, the visitors from Herdendale were most industrious, and then the deacon, with a long-drawn sigh, as if the movement gave him real pain, drew a well-worn calfskin wallet from his pocket.

The waiter, observing the action, placed before him a small slip of paper, on which was written a list of the articles served, with the prices affixed.

"Pay at the desk, please."

"The desk, eh? Where's that?"

"Over there, sir, where the lady is sitting."

In single file, as if it were necessary all should take part in the performance, the Doak family marched up to the desk, the observed of all observers, and the deacon said, as he handed his money and check to the cashier:

"If it so be you ever get up to Canton, come out to Herdendale farm an' I'll sell you all the hash you can carry away for a dollar an' sixty cents."

No reply was made to this remark; but the fact that he had thus freed his mind gave the deacon considerable satisfaction.

"What are we goin' to do now, father?" Mrs. Doak asked. When they were on the street once more.

"If I did what I ought to, I'd go straight back home an' try to make up for the money we've squandered; but now that we're here we'll see what's left of the celebration, if it so be there is any," and the good man turned abruptly around as if to lead his family in search of the "celebration," when he was accosted by a man dressed in what might be supposed the extreme of fashion, and wearing a profusion of jewelry.

"I'm glad to see you, farmer, glad to see you," the stranger said, affably, as he held out his hand, which was immediately clasped by the deacon, who stood gazing at him inquiringly. "It's some time since you've been in the city, isn't it?"

"Yes, nigh on to three years. But where have I seen you, neighbor? I can't remember your face for the life of me. Was you ever out to the Herdendale farm, or in Canton?"

"I've been in Canton very often. You must remember me. My name is Folsom."

"I don't seem to recall the name; but then my memory ain't anywhere nigh to what it used to be. Instead of tryin' to remember, I ought to be glad to see any one I know, after all that's happened," and the deacon immediately began a detailed account of his visit to the restaurant.

Meanwhile Mrs. Doak and Nellie took refuge in the nearest doorway, and Joe and Ned moved restlessly here or there, eager to continue the search for the "celebration."

While he talked with the alleged Mr. Folsom the deacon unconsciously moved farther and farther from his family, until his newly discovered friend and himself were in the very midst of the throng which was constantly passing in either direction.

Several times he was rudely jostled by the pedestrians, and once a stranger pressed so violently against him that the good man very nearly lost his temper and turned to rebuke the offender.



"I've been robbed—Mercy."

While doing so he was pushed on either side by several who approached unnecessarily near, and when he turned again Mr. Folsom had disappeared.

"Did you see where that man went, mother?" he asked, as he stepped into the doorway by the side of Aunt Mercy.

"Bless you, no, father. There are so many people around here that it don't seem as if I could see any of 'em. Where are the boys?"

"I thought they was with you."

"I saw both of them on the corner a few minutes ago, an' supposed you was lookin' out for 'em. It would be a dreadful thing if they should get lost in this big city."

"Now don't begin to borrow trouble, mother, for we've had enough of it this day. We'll stand here an' wait for 'em. Most likely they'll be back in a minute, an'—Where's my wallet?"

The deacon almost screamed as he hurriedly searched first one pocket and then another, without finding that for which he sought.

"I've been robbed, Mercy—robbed even worse than I was in that eatin' house, for my watch has gone with the money. Here we are, both boys missin', an' not a cent to pay our way home! Yes, everything has been stole," he added, as he made another and equally unsuccessful search, "an' I've always allowed that a man who'd come down here to the city an' let these sharpers get the best of him was a fool!"